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Whispers Among The Hills

—BY—
A. A. L. WILSON.

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A WANDERER.

1. In the land of Posey
I'm a wanderer,
Trying hard to find the place,
Seeking harder still the grace
Ev'ry heart to stir.

2. At the gate of knowledge fair
I a moment pause,
Ask of her the way that leads
To the thing my spirit needs—
First of all the laws.

3. Knowledge answers modestly
"You must wonder on,
By this light I give to you
You will have a clearer view,
But it's only dawn.

4. With the light from knowledge fair
Quickly on I move,
Till at Wisdom's door I stand.
Asking of the secret grand
Which my claim will prove.

5. Wisdom in the lamp puts oil,
Then to me replies:
"Harder still your soul must toil,
More your feet must tramp this soil,
Ere you feast your eyes."

6. Walking at a rapid gait,
Onward I proceed,
Though the way itself was straight,
Soon I find my strength abate,
So was checked my speed.

7 While perplexed at what to do,
To me comes relief;
Understanding's voice I hear
And my being thrills with cheer
And receeds my grief.

8. Pointing to the house of Love,
Understanding shows
Where I can obtain the prize—
Where the gift of poets lies—
All that Love bestows.

THE WIND OF SPRING.

1 O you, fitful Wind of spring,
Why you try to fool me so?
You are high and you are low,
Changing as you come and go,
O you fitful Wind of spring.

2. O you, fitful Wind of spring!
Now the summer time it seems,
And I'd hie me to the streams,
But you make my thoughts vain dreams,
O you, fitful Wind of spring.

3. O you, fitful Wind of spring,
Soft the music of your breeze
Bids me go 'neath sylvan trees.
This you're sending me to tease,
O you, fitful Wind of Spring.

4. O you, fitful wind of spring,
Though you come and fool me so,
Trees and shrubs and grasses grow,
And the farmers plow and sow,
While you blow, O Wind of spring.

SLEEP.

1. Sleep does not refresh the soul
As work that is completed,
Sleep's a balm, too freely used,
Will leave the soul defeated.

2. Glory comes not nigh to those
Whose eyes are fond of slumber,

Fame's fair Temple's doors are shut
To Morpheus' drowsy number.

3. Cravens slink away for rest
Before the war is ended,
Brave hearts stay and fight it out
And their deeds are commended.

4. Sleep's the fool's Elysium,
All filled with dreams entrancing,
Never does he see himself
In any scene advancing.

5. Noble souls lie on the couch
Repair of body making,
Wrestling will they find themselves
At dawn of morning waking.

6. Rest for body does it good
But with the mind's controlling,
Sleep, that enervates the heart,
The soul's sad chimes is tolling.

LOVE, O LOVE.

1. Love, O Love, if thou were here
Stormy skies would all be clear,—
Thunders cease their awful roar
And the lightnings flash no more—
And in thee, O Love, I'd find
Health for soul and balm for mind,
And would burst the bands of fear,
If, O Love, if thou were here.

2. Love, O Love, within thine eyes
I'd behold the brightest skies;
From thy voice so soft and low
Would the sweetest music flow;
And upon the lips a kiss
(Could my heart wish more of bliss?)
Would complete the picture fair,
If, O Love, if thou were here.

A PEACH.

1. Say, fruit, who made thee
With fuzzy skin so thin
And saccharine within?
And formed each cell a well
Of juice to swell and tell
A fragrant story.

2. He took a bright hue
From earth, from air to share
In thy face fair and clear.
A flavor sweet and meet,
That makes a treat complete,
Runs thy rich meat through.

3. An artist surely
Infused with care so rare
Things far and near to share;
In making thee to be
The beauty we now see
An artist made thee.

THE RAIN.

1. The rain is falling thick and fast,
I do not know how long twill last.
But then it seems that I could stay
And watch it fall the live-long day.

2. In cadence soft and low it falls
And strikes the roof and then the walls
Nor tarries long, but glides away,
It is so full of work and play.

3. It gathers in its tiny hand
And rolls along the grains of sand.
With nimble feet it gladly goes
To seek some feeble streams it knows.

4. It tarries on each shrub and tree
And says to them: "Now drink of me."

It does not pass the grasses by,
  It stops and satifies their cry.

5. The rain's a happy, jolly thing,
  As happy as a lark on wing.
And why should I refrain to see
  The pictures which it makes for me?

6 Now even when the day is done
  And sinks to rest the clouded sun,
The rain its mission still doth keep
  And soothes me with refreshing sleep.

AUTUMN'S BREATH.

1. The touch of Autumn's with'ring
    breath
  Is stealing chlorophyl from leaves
That soon will be a shroud of death
  For mother earth, while forest grieves.

2. A hapless ruin doth befall
  The glory of fair Summer's reign.
It strikes upon the great and small,
  And makes all seem they grew in
    vain.
3. But Autumn's wholly not unkind,
  For ere she strips the forest bare
She seasons fruits so man can find
  Abundant room for hearty cheer.

WINTER'S APPROACH.

1. The chill of Winter's blast
  Is softly stealing down,
And soon we'll see the last
  Of fickle Autumn's brown.

2. The merry, merry streams,
  Bewitched by Winter's chill,
Will stop for pleasant dreams
  And sleep upon the hill.

3. The snow cloud's drawing near,
And frost is on the ground,
The robin's voice we'll hear
And then the hunter's sound.

4. Now happy are the boys,
The girls are in high glee,
Awaiting on the joys
The snow man likes to see.

5. There is a special charm
Around the blazing hearth
That draws us to its arm,
While Winter reigns o'er earth

SHADOWS.

1. Before the blazing hearth I sit
And watch the shadows as they flit
Across the years.
They tell me what I hoped to be
When all of life was certainty
And free from cares.

2. Along the sounding shore I go
And build a mansion that I know
Will firmly stand.
A picture of it now remains,
The waves dislodged it from the grains
Of moving sand.

3. I think that certain ones will be
To walk the road of life with me
In perfect peace.
In Mem'ry's hall their steps I hear,
Their voices on that silent air
Will never cease.

4. I sit and watch the shadows go
Like waters of the rivers flow
To reach the sea.

These shadows will forever call
To me in time and go through all
Eternity.

COME OUT.

1. "Come out into the morning light,"
The birds now loudly call;
"Come out, come out from bed and
sleep;
Come out, come out and take a peep
Upon the earth and heaven's deep;
Come out, both one and all."

2. "Come out into the morning air,"
The dewy grasses say;
"In all the trees regaining green
And shrubberies that grow between
The breath of early morn is seen
Come out, enjoy this day."

3 "Make haste, make haste, come out
come out,"
The brooks all gladly sing;
"The way for all of us to do
That we might get our labors through:
Embrace the day while it is new.
Come out for this is spring"

RICHES

1 I look out. Upon the ground
Countless flakes of snow abound.
But the rays that bring the day
Diamonds before me lay.

2 I look up. Across the sky
Sheets of clouds are passing by.
Ere they into rain unfold,
I behold large sheets of gold.

3 I look down. Between its sides
Softly on a river glides.
Now does full-grown luna shine
On a flowing silver mine.

4 I look in. The stress of fears
Brings a dread of coming years.
Faith and hope and love appear
And supply the needed cheer.

5 Who does crave for riches great?
He can find it at his gate.
Nature many-handed goes,
On each man her riches pours.

THE FLOWERS AND BEE

1 "Come, little bee
And sip of me"
Said every flower on the tree;
"My heart is large,
I make no charge.
Now come, O come, and sip of me"

2 "I surely will
Your call fulfill"
The little bee was heard to say;
"For who would miss
To take a kiss
Or many more from flowers gay?

3 With buzzing sound
Their lips he found,
And sipped the nectar pure and sweet
And when away
He went that day
He said: "I thank you for the treat."

PRESEVERANCE.

1. Through the misty vapor sailing
In our bark upon life's sea;
We will keep a faith prevailing
And our hearts from cares set free.

Winds will come with loud voice
blowing,
Dashing waves in fury high;
We will hold the course we're going,
On love's strength we'll e'er rely.

We will heed the notes of warning,
We will watch our compass true,
Hope will keep us till the morning
Brings bright glory to our view.

Just beyond the waters heaving
Lies the haven's blessed calm,
And await for our receiving
Body rest and spirit balm

TO A STAR

I see you bathe your shining form
In heaven's changeless blue.
Now while you peep
From out the deep
Pray tell me: What are you?

I watch you climb the steep ascent
Of yonder eastern skies,
And sink for rest
Out in the west
Before my won'dring eyes.

The storm clouds gather thick and fast
And hide your lovely face,
They soon depart,
Nor mar your heart,
Again you smile with grace.

I gaze upon your loveliness
And watchfulness so true.
Say, child of night,
If not a sprite,
Pray tell me: What are you?

TAKE TIME.

Take time to grow, my soul,
Let seasons o'er you roll.
The harvest is not at the sowing,
The seed must have some time for growing.
Take time to grow, my soul,
Take time to grow.

Take time to learn, my soul,
Afar off is the goal
The scholar comes not in the morning,
He needs some years for his adorning.
Take time to learn, my soul,
Take time to learn.

Take time to give, my soul,
Great haste will lose the toll.
Though man's sad plight calls for relieving
His heart must ope for the receiving.
Take time to give, my soul,
Take time to give.

Take time to live, my soul,
Keep off the rocks and shoal
The ship that enters port so gaily
Her chart and compass follows daily.
Take time to live, my soul,
Take time to live.

A VIOLET.

Little violet,
Dressed in deepest blue.
Gladly I accept
Thee for friendship true.

May the hands that plucked
  Thee from out thy place
Ever will be found
  Heart and home to grace.

May thy modesty
  And thy fragrance rare
Teach me how to live
  And life's burdens bear.

Little violet,
  Dyed in heavens blue,
May I ever have
  Fondest thoughts through you.

LOVE IS ALL.

I need a heart to love me,
  That is all—
A heart that owns me as its own
  No matter how I laugh or moan.
That stands with me 'gainst wind and
    tide
  And when by cruel Fate I'm tried—
I need a heart to love me,
  That is all.

I need a heart to love me,
  That is all.
If smiling Fortune me should find
  And gives me gifts of ev'ry kind
To full my span of life with ease,
  The gifts my soul could never please,
Unless a heart to love me
  Comes with all.

I need a heart to love me,
  That is all.
Two hearts in unison can beat
  With full or scanty store to eat.
'Tis love, not work, that conquers all,

And bears the brunt of life's loud call.
I need a heart to love me,
That is all.

NORTH WINDS WHIP.

Drive, O North Wind, with your whip!
Make the leaves of forest ship!
Make them dance!
Make them prance!
Whirl them!
Hurl them!
Till at last your task is done,
Let us have the most of fun.

With your whip the snow cloud bring
Like the birds upon the wing!
Now with might!
Left and right!
Shatter,
Scatter
Them! and make a carpet white!
Then we'll play with great delight.

With your whip the waters lash!
And the foaming billows dash
With a roar
On the shore!
Sounding,
Bounding,
Make them go in merry glee!
Such a sight we like to see.

THANKSGIVING.

Since ev'rything together works
For good to them that love the Lord,
We come on this Thanksgiving Day
To sing and tell our joys abroad.

O Father kind and merciful,
Forgive us for the things done wrong
When we by sin were led astray,
And now inspire us in our song.

We thankthee for health and strength,
The joy and gladness, pain and woe,
And all that go to make up life
That we thereby can larger grow.

We come and join in thankful songs
And word of praise we send abroad,
Since ev'rything together works
For good to them that love Thee, Lord.

NEW FOUND JOY.

I heard the shrieks and cries of birds,
And thought they were in danger grave.
I quickly hastened forth to see,
And strict attention to them gave.

I saw them whirling in the air,
Alighting on a tree near by,
And starting off and going back,
And all the while I heard them cry.

Nowhere around was any foe
To make them shriek, to make them cry.
I learned they had a new found joy:
The nestlings once, they now can fly.

Their shriek and cry came not from fear,
But born they were of greatest joy—
A joy that thrills with throbbing life
And makes of sorrow no alloy.

A new found joy's a pleasant thing,
Esteemed alike by man and bird,

And each of them we always find
Expressing it by deed and word.

Then fill the air with shrieks and cries!
Just send them out both far and near—
From treetop, valley, mount, and plain—
But let them leap from hearts of cheer!

THE SUN, WIND, AND RAIN.

The sun looked down upon the rain
In mighty torrents falling,
And heard the loud voice of the wind
O'er field and woodland calling.

Together in their happy mood
The wind and rain were playing
Like children in the summer time
Through dale and forest maying.

Though all the raindrops hurried on
The course the wind was blowing,
They laughed because they knew the wind
Could not control their flowing

So well it pleased the sun to see
His children play together,
He smiled, and lo, behold a change
At once came in the weather.

He laughed, and soon through rifts of clouds
His blood-red face was peeping.
'Twas evening now, and thus he sought
His dazzling couch for sleeping.

ENLIGHTENED.

Enlightened by the days now fled,
I rise in hope my way to tread.
Can worse things come than I have passed?
But, if they come, they cannot last.
The past will ever be to me
The key to all futurity.

The star of hope within my breast
Will never let my spirit rest,
Until I rise and stand complete
With sordid things beneath my feet.
'Tis life, not death, that will prevail;
'Tis death to doubt, to stop, to fail.

VOICE OF SPRING.

Listen to the voice of Spring,
Sounding over hill and plain.
Hear it in the winds that bring
Clouds to drop refreshing rain.

See, the flowers hear this voice
And from slumber wake to grow.
All the birds with songs rejoice,
Ice-bound streams begin to flow.

Ressurrection for the earth
Is the gladsome hymn of Spring,
And it calls in sounds of mirth
That we, too, our hymns should bring.

Let us not be less than birds,
Flowers, shrubberries and trees.
Let us sing with grateful words
For this voice in every breeze.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

The birth of the Stars and Stripes as told
Brings the noise of battle again
With the daring and dash of Courage bold,
And the carnage of horses and men.

The annals of all the tribes of earth
That tell of any real gain
Reveal: The obtaining of any thing worth
Was attended with greatest pain.

The birth of the Stars and Stripes brought joy
To the heart of the patriot band,
Because 'neath its folds they dared to destroy
The tyrant on sea and on land.

All honor to those who fought and bled
For a cause so worthy and just!
And though all their names are enrolled with the dead,
Yet still we honor their dust.

PREPARATION.

The gloom that spreads o'er Wintersface,
The clouds that weep themselves away,
The biting wind that fly in haste
Prepare us for Spring's brightest day.

The honest farmer's patient toil
On mountain side or fertile plain
And implements that turn the soil
Prepare the land for golden grain.

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